

Lord Roslin's Daughter's

12

GARLAND ;

Composed of Two excellent

New Songs.

- I. Lord Roslin's Daughter.
- II. The Milk-maid and Squire



Licenced and Entered according to Order



LORD ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER.

THE lord of Roslin's daughter,
 Waiks through the wood her lane,
 and by came Captain Wedderburn,
 A servant to the king,
 He said unto his servant man,
 Were it not against the law,
 I would take her to my own bed
 And lay her next the wa'.

I'm walking here alane she says,
 Amang my Fathers trees,
 And you may let me walk alane;
 Kind sir now if you please:
 The supper bell it will be rung,
 And I'll be milt'd you know,
 So I will not lie in your bed,
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

He says my pretty lady,
 I pray lend me your hand,
 And you'll have drums and trumpets,
 Always at your command,
 And fifty men to grand you with,
 That well their Swords can draw,
 And we'll baith lie in ae bed,
 And thu's ly next the wa'.

Hold

Hold away from me kind fir
 I pray let go my hand;
 The supper bell it will be rung,
 No longer will I stand,
 My father he'll no supper take,
 If I be miss'd you know,
 So I'll not lie into your bed;
 Neither at stock nor wa'.

Then said the pretty lady,
 I pray tell me your name,
 My name is captain wedderburn,
 A servant to the king.
 Tho' thy father and his men were here,
 Of him I'd not stand in aw?
 But wou'd take thee into my bed,
 And lay the next the wa'.

He lighted off his milk-white steed,
 And set his lady on,
 And held her by the milk-white hand,
 Even as they rode along
 He held her by the middle so jimp,
 For fear that she shou'd fa',
 So I'll take thee to my own bed,
 And lay thee next the wa'.

He took to his lodging house,
 His Landlady look been
 Since many pretty Ladies,

In Edinburgh I've seen;
 But such a pretty face as thine
 In it I never saw
 Go make her up a down bed,
 And lay her next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind sir,
 I pray you let me be
 For I will not go to your bed
 Till you dress me dishes three;
 Dishes three you must do to me
 If I shou'd eat them a'
 Before that I lie in your bed
 Either at stock or wa'.

O I must have to my supper
 A Cherry without a stone
 And I must have to my supper
 A Chicken without a bone
 And I must have to my supper
 A bird without a ga'
 Before that I lie in your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

When the Cherry is in the Bloom,
 I am sure it has no stone,
 And when the Chicken's in the shell,
 I'm sure it has no bone;
 The dove it is a gentle bird
 It flies without a ga'
 And we's lie baith within ae bed

And

And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind fir
 I pray you give me o'er
 For I will not go till your bed,
 Till you answer me questions four;
 Questions four you must tell me,
 And that is twa and twa
 Or I will not lie in your bed
 Neither at stock or wa'.

You must get me some winter fruit
 That in December grew,
 And I must have a silk mantle,
 That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw,
 What birds sings best and Woods buds first,
 That due doth on them fa,
 And then I'll lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

My father has some winter fruit
 That in December grew,
 My mother has a silk mantle
 That wraft was ne'er ca'd throw,
 The cock crows first, Cyder buds first
 The due doth on them fa,
 So we'll bath lie in ae bed,
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

Hold away from me kind fir,

And

And do not me perplex,
 For I'll not lie into your bed
 Till you answer me questions fix ;
 Questions fix you must tell me
 And that is four and twa
 Before that I lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

What is greener then the grafs;
 What's higher then the trees,
 And what is worse than woman's voice,
 What's deeper then the seas;
 A sparrows horn a priest unborn,
 This night to join us twa
 Before I lie into your bed,
 Either at stock or wa'.

Death is greener then the grafs,
 Sky is higher then the trees
 The devils worse then womans voice,
 Hell's deeper than the seas,
 A sparrow's horn you may well get,
 There's one on ilka pa',
 And two upon the gab of it,
 And you shall have them a .

The priest he's standing at the door,
 Just ready to come in
 No man can say that he was born,

No man with out a fin:
 A hole cut in his mother's side
 He from the same did fa',
 So we will both lie in ae bed,
 And thou's lie next the wa'.

O little did the lady think,
 That morning when she raise,
 That it was to be the last night
 Of her maiden days;
 But there is not in the king's realm,
 To be found a blyther twa,
 And now they both lie in one bed,
 And she lies next the wa'.



The MILK-MAID, and SQUIRE.

Coming Homewith my Pails the young Squire
 I met,
 He says, Polly, love set down thy Pails,
 I've long been a Kiss or two in thy Debt,
 I pray thee thou must not tell Tales.

To oblige him because I would not be cross,
 I presently set down my Pails,
 He lay'd me down gently, on a Bed of green Moss,
 O my Heart, but I must not tell Tales,
 I strove to get up, but he still kept me down, I

I beg'd to go home with my Pails;
 He vow'd to such a Pitch, his Passion was grown
 He wou'd wed me, but I must not tell Tales

So gently he woo'd, so warmly he press'd,
 So little I thought of my Pails;
 Till beyond Expectation, I found him possess'd,
 Of my Heart, but I must not tell Tales,

He solemnly swore he'd make me his Wife,
 And ease me in Carriage of Pails;
 But why, if he dont, as sure as Mussel's got Life,
 If I'm silent, there's one will tell tales.

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